

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

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MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PHILANTHROPIST.

FUGACITY. No. 3.

MANY causes of a worldly kind concur to make men adopt the appearance, and even the practice of various virtues. Reputation is, in general, necessary to success in the projects of ambition and avarice. A man is often temperate and just, because the character of intemperance and injustice would retard his advancement, or injure his interest; or because his habits of virtue have been early formed by the care of parents and the influence of example; or because he is little exposed to temptation, or is secured from many vices by constitutional aversion, indifference or infirmity.

An inoffensive conduct arising from any of these causes is entitled to respect, or at least to an exemption from severe censure; but it cannot deserve the praise nor the reward of virtue proceeding from principle.

This irreligious virtue is in most instances little to be depended upon; for as it respects nothing but this world and the opinion of man, whenever the interests of this world can be served, or the opinions of others secured by secrecy, there remains but little to preserve it inviolate.

Man is so weak, and so prone to fall into vice and misery, that it is certainly unsafe to resolve to walk without guidance and protection, when both are offered by an Almighty arm.

Whatever sophists, or wittlings may say on virtue being its own reward, on the fitness of things, and on many refined subjects, totally unintelligible and totally unregarded by the majority of mankind, it is safe to recommend it to all, to strengthen the force of virtue, by erecting round her the ramparts of religion.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

EVERY sober and well disposed Christian must wish that the controversy between Trinitarians was brought to end.

It is believed that a few plain categorical arguments would give more satisfaction to plain and candid minds, than all the learned disquisitions that have been published.—If you think the following are worthy of notice, they are at your service.

The great and eternal Jehovah is not, neither can he be, a mediator between himself and the fallen race of Adam.

Jesus Christ is the one mediator between the great and eternal Jehovah and the fallen race of Adam—therefore, Jesus Christ is not the great and eternal Jehovah.

The great and eternal Jehovah hath not, neither can he, make an atonement to himself, nor become the propitiation for the sins of men. By Jesus Christ we have received the atonement, and He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world—therefore, Jesus Christ is not the great and eternal Jehovah.

The great and eternal Jehovah cannot be exalted at his own right hand.—Jesus Christ is exalted, and sitteth on the right hand of God—therefore, Jesus Christ is not the great and eternal Jehovah.

The great and eternal Jehovah cannot be an advocate or intercessor with himself.—Jesus Christ is an advocate and intercessor with the Father for sinners—therefore, Jesus Christ is not the great and eternal Jehovah.

It is believed, that no Christian will deny the minor proposition of either of these syllogisms. If the majors are true, the conclusions strictly follow.

It is, therefore, for Trinitarians to shew that the major propositions are true, or give up the controversy.

X. Z.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

RETROSPECTION.

There is, and should always be, a wide distinction between the abstraction of a cloistered monk, and the meditations, at fit periods, of the man who constantly mingles in the concerns of the world.—All that is necessary for the last, is to retire within himself at proper seasons—take a retrospective view of past events, and endeavor to provide for the future, by an attentive consideration of the past.

The periods most proper for this useful purpose, arrive when our imaginations are in a quiescent and tractable state—when fancy folds her wings and assumes a serious countenance, and when our hearts, softened and relaxed by external occurrences, are fitted to receive deep and lasting impressions. Moments like these, should never be suffered to escape us. They are the only ones, in which the consequences of serious reflection can be indelibly marked on the recollection, and should be eagerly seized, as among the most important that glide by, in the course of our lives.

The pure and sublimated character retrospection gives to our thoughts, is not the sole constituent of its utility. It generates a habit of logical thinking—gives to the ideas and sentiments an energy and strength, sufficient to keep them pure and unalloyed, and produce an internal ease and satisfaction, which softens and harmonizes the different feelings of the soul.

It has been already hinted, that too frequent a recurrence to our past conduct, especially when we dwell with painful delay on those parts of it which can only produce sensations of regret, has a strong tendency to cloud the imagination, and discolour the train of "Iris-tinted" images, which fancy arranges in the mind. Hence, while avoiding the one extreme, there is some little difficulty in being equally cautious to keep at a respectful distance from the other. But as in every other, so in this case, there is a *medium*. When about to enter on an examination of our past lives, we should commence it without making any preparatory determination, either to excuse or to condemn—we ought to approach the ordeal, with a proper and becoming sense of our defects, but at the same time, not without an humble consciousness of our merits. We should neither entirely despair, nor fervently hope to come from the trial perfectly acquitted—but courage and resolution, tempered with a reasonable share of humility and deference, will always be found useful, and can never be deemed disreputable companions.

Among those young men, in whom almost every honorable and salutary pursuit is absorbed by inebriate fondness for pleasure, we seldom discover

er a willingness to ponder seriously on any thing. Reflection on the past, has no charms for them; it can only mar amusement, by recalling unpleasant recollections, and its exercise is therefore neglected. The consideration of, and atonement for the errors they are continually committing, they wish to make the business of riper years, and they turn with disgust, from whatever presents immediately to view, the consequences of their vices. But this reluctance is surely not universal—some there must be, who only wait to hear the precepts of propriety energetically inculcated, to evince a consciousness of their usefulness, by speedy reformation, and to such are these observations addressed.

Youth, much more imperiously than age, calls for frequent retrospection. The violence of the passions and warmth of the inclinations, during this feverish season, render our proneness to error while young, much more to be feared than when protected by the vigour, stability and experience of manhood. But the propensity to evil in youth, although almost proverbial, is by no means instinctive. It springs wholly from the fortuitous communications of *company* and *education*, and therefore, may be kept down, increased, or diminished, in proportion to the nature and application of these powerful agents.

There can be no opinion, more intrinsically subversive of the governing principles of morality—none, against the poison of which, young men should be more carefully shielded, than that entertained by the being, who thinks himself pardonable in procrastinating a review of his conduct and a reformation of his principles, until no longer able to be tricked—until age or infirmity force him to quit his favourite paths, and begin a new and less alluring course. I am loath to imagine that sentiments of this nature can spring from any other source than desperation—from a forced contempt of those laws the delinquent may have so far transgressed, as to think the difficulty of a return to the proper path insuperable. I cannot persuade myself, that they ever can be the result of calm and attentive reflection, or that any one will have the hardihood to assert, that before he professed them, he was thoroughly convicted of their correctness. The effects of a long attachment to vicious habits, in depraving the mind, and withering the intellects, are certainly surprising—but that they can ever so strangely distort and alter our fundamental perceptions of truth and falsehood, as to make what is glaringly incorrect, appear in every respect the contrary, is a position, too preposterous, to be admitted for an instant.

Against the contamination of those irreligious notions, all classes of readers are earnestly warned. They should be avoided with the same degree of care, we would shun a pestilence. Though slow at first, their progress in corrupting the moral system, is soon rapidly accelerated. They produce an habitual irreverence for religion and virtue, and render the heart inflexible to every impression from their precepts. PHILANTHROPOS.

Lent.—There is a curious passage in one of the Roman casuists, respecting the keeping of Lent—it is, "That beggars who are ready to famish for want, may in Lent time eat what they can get."

Mr. B. West.

FROM THE BALTIMORE CHRONICLE.

OUR COUNTRY.

Our countrymen do not yet seem accustomed to contemplate American glory as one entire thing; as something which must, to adopt a cabinet-maker's phrase, be rounded off, to be complete in all its parts. It is at present an imperfect piece of workmanship, polished indeed to an high degree in certain parts, but coarse, uneven and rough on the surface in other parts of the same material, when all is capable of being brought to the same degree of brilliancy. To drop all metaphor and to come at once to what we mean, when we talk of our national independence: of our free republican institutions; of the glorious deeds accomplished by our army and by our navy; of the splendor of the star-spangled banner, on all subjects of this character, we utter sentiments to which every heart responds an echo. Go from the east to the west, from the north to the south, and you will hear, on such subjects, the approving voice of confederated millions; you will be surrounded by an army of opinion completely invincible. Grey-haired veterans, sturdy manhood, aspiring youth and tottering infancy, all unite on these topics. Nay, even the lovelier sex co-operate, and the cheeks of female beauty will redden with indignation at every outrage offered in these points to our national honor. What we complain of is, that this sentiment, so lovely, so heart-consoling to Americans, is not followed up in its integrity; that is, that we should shew the same fond and affectionate partiality for every thing that is American worthy of the same, specifically the same patronage and encouragement. Are we so zealous to preserve American glory, untarnished on the lands and on the wave? For what purpose is this sentiment so fondly cultivated? Clearly, not that we should invade foreign dominions; but that in case our own should be invaded by foreigners, to preserve their integrity inviolate. Why is not the same attention, the same jealous sensibility shewn towards American literature; the same patronage; the same liberal encouragement afforded; the same propensity manifested to cultivate the arts of peace as the arts of war? Why are we so anxious to plant the laurel, and to neglect the smiling olive? Our literary market suffers an inundation of foreign fabrics, to the exclusion of our own; they command a ready sale, be they of what character they may. An American, who would almost be ready to summon his opponent to the field of honor, as it is falsely called, if one word was said in disparagement of our naval glory, will hear, with the most torpid indifference, American literature reviled, insulted and calumniated by foreigners, will buy their paltry scandal at a book-seller's store, and set down and enjoy the repast. Whence this inconsistency? Again, the moment that a word is said in favor of American manufactures, we witness again the same petrific side of this American feeling; it glitters upon us alternately in the light of a sunbeam and an isicle. Is our American navy to be encouraged, because it is American, and are American manufactures for the same specific reason, to be discouraged and condemned? Will nothing but the explosions of cannon; nothing but the science of death, refined upon and bro't almost to perfection in all its branches, satisfy our ideas of American glory? Are we to be told, that peace has her glories far more luminous and attractive than the science of carnage, butchery and death, in all its horrible varieties? While the star-spangled banner shines, untarnished in its native brilliancy, the American farmer beholds the productions of his labor, rotting in his barns; the American manufacturer is doomed to survey all

the combined effects of his industry and skill neglected and despised by his own countrymen, while our sons and daughters wear, without one twinge of patriotish shame, the livery of European servitude, the shameful badges wrought by foreign looms. England beholds this vulnerable point, and she improves the favorable moment. She contemplates our humiliation, not in the field of battle, or on the surges of Neptune; she has assailed us in these points, and she finds them inaccessible; but she contemplates an hostility of a more dangerous kind; more dangerous, because more secret and chaste. Her present policy is to destroy us by what may be called pacific hostility. She refuses to receive our raw materials in exchange for the productions of her own looms; drains us, by so doing, of all our precious metals; paralyzes all our vital energies, and levies contributions more formidable than any that could be imposed by the mouths of her cannon. We are, at the present moment, more prepared to struggle with England by war, than by peace. This is the evil of which we complain.

Our naval and our military renown constitute but one part of our national glory, agriculture constitutes another part, the manufactures another, and whatever tends to the grandeur and prosperity of a state;—we are not partially, but altogether Americans. To what unrivalled perfection might not our manufactures arrive, were they but supported and patronized like the naval establishment! This is indeed to be independent; that is, to rely upon our own resources. But here our patriotism seems to be afflicted with a palsy, and foreign nations are reaping the benefits resulting from such fatal policy on our part.

FROM THE SALEM GAZETTE.

The American Bar.—The Albany Gazette is publishing in numbers "An Englishman's Sketch Book," containing the author's observations in America. Speaking of the profession of law, he says,—"The bar is making the most rapid advance to celebrity. The manifest superiority of the gentlemen attached to it, has struck me ever since I landed. I had hardly set foot on earth, ere I discovered the importance of the profession, and a longer acquaintance with the country confirms me in the opinion of its widely extended influence.—Nor does it suffer by comparison. I do not remember any very great men at present at the English bar. * * * * *

He gives the following sketch of Mr. Emmet, of New-York:—

"He is very eloquent, and warmly engaged for his client. Every allusion is classical, and he seems to have at instant command all the best associations of ideas, all the precision of logical arrangement, and all the chasteness of delicate allusion. His countenance discovers the workings of his mind. He bites his under lip, and his eyes flash fire. His characteristic in argument, is his resorting to the original reasons and policy of the law as applicable to the case before him. He grants his antagonist the full force of his statements, by a kind of ingenuous acknowledgment, and hapless is he who meets with such acknowledgment at his hand. After allowing him the full authority of his brief, he soon convinces you, and all who hear him, that, by going farther back, and by a deeper analysis of principles and the history connected with them, other, stronger, and overwhelming reasons press upon and overturn the weak defences of his adversary. Mr. E.—'s speeches in vindication of Mr. Fulton's rights are said to have been very great. They were delivered in the character of counsel at the bar of the assembly, or lower house of representatives of

this state, and in the presence of his illustrious friend.—At the close of his argument, replete with philosophy and eloquence, he drew tears not only from his audience, but from Mr. Fulton himself, who wept at the prospect of his country's ingratitude, and the future helplessness of his children. "In a few years" said Mr. E. "you, my friend, may become the victim of an ingratitude no less accursed, than that which proscribed the illustrious Grecian.—Some envious and sceptical reasoner may arise to doubt the legislative powers of your country, and forever destroy the fair fabric you have erected at the expense of so much toil and treasure. Ah, my friend, said he, turning to Mr. F. let no dreams deceive your ardent mind—dismiss even your well grounded hopes. The wreath that crowns your head is already beset with thorns—the garden of your fancy, in which your perseverance was just beginning to be repaid, where the roses of your own creation were springing up around your dwelling, where the fruits of your genius were just ripening to your hand—this garden is no longer yours! Its hedges are broken down—the spoiler has already entered your little Eden—entered, did I say—it is already trampled upon—it is desolate and waste."

Christian Philanthropist.

NEW-BEDFORD, NOVEMBER 19, 1822.

THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF
DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

[CONTINUED.]

The Lives of the Poets.—We last took notice of the scanty and uncertain sources, upon which the writer of the *Lives of the Poets* found it necessary to rely, in the prosecution of his work. They were found to have consisted chiefly, of the uncertain accounts that were gathered from manuscripts, reviews, political pamphlets, private correspondence, oral tradition, and the encomiastic, though partial sketches, of contemporary genius and admiring friendship.

The question before the men of the present age, whether the great biographer has discharged the duties of his responsible office with fidelity, is a question of no ordinary interest; it is a question calculated to awaken alike the recollections, perhaps the prejudices, of the philosopher, the historian, the politician, and the favorite of the Muses. And it is one that we cannot approach, without the most trembling diffidence, and a perfect consciousness of our utter inability to do it ample justice. We may say, however, without presumption, that it is a question upon which Americans and Englishmen will be likely to make up different opinions. It is one too, about which they may be permitted to differ, without doing any discredit to their sentiments, as patriots, or to their taste and skill as men of letters.

No person ever accused Johnson of slighting his work, or of presenting a half-finished model. He is allowed by all to have been indefatigable in his researches, and to have examined with attention, every document that could throw light upon his subject. Nor can it be denied, that he was a correct judge of poetry. In looking then for causes which were likely to affect his fidelity, as a biographer, the first that presents itself worthy of notice, is his *political tenets*.

It is well known, that Johnson, was not an uninterested spectator of the events that were taking place, from time to time, in the political world. With a mind versed in the history of states, the rise and fall of empires, and the revolutions of government, he watched the changes of pulic affairs in England, with as much attention and vigilance, as the most enlightened statesman of the age. He scrupled not therefore, to take decided

ground with one of the great parties which had long divided the kingdom. He had thoroughly studied the history of his country, and the frame of its constitution. His vast, curious and grasping mind had taken in all its parts, had investigated its structure, comprehended its design, and settled the distinct lines of demarkation which separated its different, yet consistent orders and departments. He was a friend to liberty—But he was no friend to that false-styled, ranting liberty, whose office it is to blend distinctions, to level ranks, to equalize orders; he was no disseminator of that stormy and tempestuous liberty, whose popular province it is, to raise cabals; to cherish discords; to foment conspiracies; to propagate noise, hubbub and alarm. In fine, to reduce every thing sacred in authority, every thing honorable in obedience, every thing splendid in office, every thing brilliant in talents, every thing enviable in fame, to one single idea, and that idea, of all ideas, the most insipid, meagre and unmeaning EQUALITY. He knew that no such thing ever did exist, or ever could exist and form one of the elementary principle of any civil institutions;—he considered it the mere watch-word of a party—a phantom, that was conjured up by ignorance and discontent, in order to flatter vanity; to exult in the dissolution of order; the downfall of greatness, and the extinction of all true glory. He was therefore, an enemy, a decided enemy to democracy in all its forms. But he was a friend to true liberty—a friend to the liberty of the press—to the liberty of the people—to the liberty of opinion—to political liberty, as far as that glorious prerogative can be secured to the subject, by the limited privileges of a limited monarchy. He was a friend from principle, to the aristocracy of talents—to the dominion of philosophy; to the supremacy of princes. He was, moreover, a resolute defender of the contested principle of hereditary succession—a believer in the divine right of kings—an intrepid vindicator of the sacred prerogatives of kings—a watchful sentinel, who guarded those prerogatives with ceaseless vigilance, and never failed to detect the unfounded and interfering claims of other orders of the great system, who attempted to usurp them. He was in one word, a Tory—a firm, a zealous, an enlightened Tory, and one who cannot be accused of ever having deserted, betrayed, or disgraced the party whose cause he espoused.

Behold, what a task had this zealous Tory, this enlightened philosopher before him, when he conceived the design of turning biographer and critic, and of giving to the world such a work as the *Lives of the Poets*! A pleasing task, I grant, but a task that was difficult, arduous and responsible in the extreme, and one that no ordinary mind was fitted to undertake, and one that no great mind, embracing the tenets that he did, would ever have dared to undertake without the utmost diffidence. He had fallen upon the most interesting periods of English history—periods marked, at every interval, by some ray of glory, by some splendid train of events, calculated to arrest the attention, to astonish or to gratify the assiduity of the examiner. He had moreover set himself to draw portraits, finished portraits of the men who lived during those interesting periods, and who had contributed to illuminate and to embellish them; yes, of the very men perhaps, whose principles he despised, and which as a Tory he ought to have despised, and which he could not do otherwise than despise. What then was to be done? Ought the biographer to have deprived the world of a work so desirable, so useful, so indispensable as the *Lives of the Poets*, because he was a Tory? Was he to be discredited as a critic, as a man of genius, because he was a Tory? Were his claims to *fidelity* as a writer, a

narrator, to be lessened because he was a Tory? Englishmen dishonor themselves as men, and Americans lessen their dignity as freemen, when they endeavour to depreciate the great Johnson in any of these respects, because he was a Tory. If by *fidelity* be meant a liability to change and a readiness to favour the views and caprices of every party, though doing never so much violence to conscience, to whom, I ask, was Johnson to be faithful? To the Whigs? That would have violated his own principles. To the Jacobites? That would have disturbed the Whigs. To the Dissenters? That would have enraged the Jacobites. But if by *fidelity* be meant the giving to every one his due, Johnson certainly may lay claim to that honorable characteristic. He was not unfaithful to Milton when he called him a Whig, and a treasonable Whig, for he was one. He was not unjust to Walpole when he depicted in the most glowing colours the progress of his downfall, for Walpole certainly fell from his high station, though he fell from it not without honor. He was not unjust to Chesterfield, to Addison, to Steele, to Shippen and to Townsend, for he only called them by the names which they claimed, and which they professed to esteem and honor. (To be continued.)

The following interesting sketch of Lord BOLINGBROKE, is given by one of his cotemporaries.

It happens to very few men in any age or country, to come into the world with so many advantages of nature and fortune, as the late secretary Bolingbroke. Descended from the best families in England; heir to a great patrimonial estate; of a sound constitution, and a most graceful person: all these, had they been of equal value, were infinitely below, in degree, to the accomplishments of his mind, which was adorned with the choicest gifts that God hath yet thought fit to bestow upon the children of men. He was blessed with a strong memory; a clear judgment; a vast range of wit and fancy; a thorough comprehension and invincible eloquence, with a most agreeable elocution. He had well cultivated all these talents by travel and study; the latter of which he seldom omitted even in the midst of his pleasures, of which he had indeed been too great and criminal a pursuer. For, although he was persuaded to leave off intemperance in wine, which he did for some time to such a degree, that he seemed quite abstemious; yet he was said to allow himself other liberties, which can by no means be reconciled to religion or morals. But he was fond of mixing pleasure and business, and of being esteemed excellent at both; upon which account he had a great respect for the characters of Alcibiades and Petronius, especially the latter, whom he would gladly be thought to resemble. His detractors charged him with some degree of affectation, and, perhaps, not altogether without ground; since it was hardly possible for a young man with half the business of the nation upon him, and the applause of the whole, to escape that infirmity. He had been early bred to business; was a most artful negotiator, and perfectly understood foreign affairs. But what I have often wondered at, in a man of his temper, was his prodigious application, whenever he thought it necessary; for he would plod whole days and nights like the lowest clerk in an office. His talent of speaking in public, for which he was so very much celebrated, I know nothing of, except from the information of others; but men of understanding, of both parties, have assured me, that, in this point, in their memory and judgment, he was never equalled.

"I," said the Rev. Hugh Worthington, "must first lose my understanding, and likewise my sight before I can believe my *Saviour* equal to my God."

NEW CHURCH.

On Tuesday, the 5th inst. was laid the corner stone of the Second Congregational Church, in Lynn, with appropriate solemnities. After prayers and singing, the stone was put in its place, the Treasurer of the Society, Mr. William Badger, having deposited under it several mementos of the times, and a plate with the subjoined inscription:—

There is one God and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus. 1, Tim. ii. 5.

God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him. Acts x, 34, 35.

The second Congregational Society in Lynn, maintaining in their fullest extent

The Rights of Conscience and of Private Judgment in Religion,

and The Principles of Universal Charity, was established,

and this House, devoted to

The Worship of the ONLY LIVING and TRUE GOD, The God and Father of Jesus Christ our Lord, was founded under their patronage in the year of the Christian Era, 1822.

May God give the Increase.

The Rev. Mr. Tuckerman of Chelsea, then gave a sensible and interesting address on the principles upon which this Society has been established; those are the great principles of Protestantism, the principles of rational and liberal christianity. The progress of truth is slow but certain. Infidelity, ignorance, superstition, fanaticism, prejudice, sectarian zeal, and bitterness are the obstacles against which it has to contend; but, under the wise and righteous providence of God, there can be no doubt of its ultimate triumph. It is only necessary for liberal and rational christians to live in accordance with their principles, to be as serious, as humble, as unblamable, as benevolent, as virtuous, as those principles require them to be, for their religion to commend itself with irresistible power to the understandings and hearts of men.—Ch. Register.

MARRIED.

In this town, by the Rev. Mr. Morgridge, Mr. CALEB SNOW to Miss ADELIN HATHAWAY.

In Fairhaven, on Tuesday evening last week, by the Rev. Mr. Jewett, Mr. BENJAMIN KEMPTON, jun. of this town, to Miss BETSEY WILLIAMS, of Fairhaven.

In Middleborough, Mr. Elisha Raymond to Miss Polly Raymond.

In East-Bridgewater, Mr. Harman Washburn to Miss Harriet Bonney—Mr. Josephus Freeman to Mrs. Betsey Torrey.

In Carver, Mr. Ebenezer Dunham to Miss Betsey Shurtleff—Mr. Robert Cushman, of Kingston, to Miss Betsey C. Morton of Carver.

In Nantucket, Mr. William F. Hussey to Miss Maria Smith—Mr. George Haden to Miss Eunice Barnard—Mr. Charles Worth to Miss Lydia Starbuck—Mr. George Abrams to Miss Eliza Ann Hozier.

In Providence, Mr. Christopher Smith, of New-York to Miss Priscilla P. Wilder, of Middleborough.

DIED.

In this town, Mr. SAMUEL TOBEY, aged 26, son of Mr. Wm. Tobey, 2d.—Mr. THOMAS JONES, aged 42, of Chilmark.—Lieut. Col. LYND HATHAWAY, of Freetown, aged 40.

In Fairhaven, MARY, daughter of Mr. Ebenezer Alkin, aged 13 years.

In Taunton, 26th ult. Mrs. Phebe Staples, aged 77, wife of Deacon George Staples—on the 5th inst. Deacon George Staples, aged 82. They had lived together in matrimony 57 years; for the last 13 years Deacon S. has been deprived of his speech and the use of his limbs by a stroke of palsy. Also, Mr. Jonathan Thayer, aged 87—on the 6th, widow Susan Staples, aged 72.

In Norton, Mr. William Makepeace, aged 84.

In Tiverton, 31st ult. Mrs. Abigail Brown, aged 82.

In Bridgewater, Mr. Oliver Richmond, aged 22.

POETRY.

RETIREMENT.

From the *Vernal Walk*, a Poem.

FAR from the crowded city, let me dwell,
Amidst the lonely wilds; where hills ascend,
Where vallies wander, where delightful meads
Spread their ambrosial treasures, and where groves
Extend their army shade. Though selfish man
Pollute the fields where hospitality,
Where peace, where love, where friendship wont
to dwell;
Though wealth usurp the bowers of innocence;
Though rustic faith is gone; though hideous war,
Terrific monster! spreadeth o'er the earth
Unbounded desolation, in his rage
More terrible than winter, when he comes
Arm'd with ten thousand storms, to waste the world;
Yet some lone desert, haply may escape
The universal ruin. Still, perhaps,
Some silent valley with its winding rill,
May, in the bosom of surrounding rocks,
Smile amidst horrors, like an evergreen
Half hid in snow, on winter's joyless waste.
GIVER OF PERFECT GIFTS! there let me dwell,
With love and friendship, sweet society!
Or let me there spend my remaining hours
In meditation.

ANALECTA.

Coincidences and Imitations.

Young, in his *Love of Fame*, seems very adroitly to have improved on a witty conceit of Butler. It is curious to observe, that while Butler has made a remote allusion of a *window* to a *pillory*, a conceit is grafted on this conceit, with even more exquisite wit.

Each window like the pillory appears,
With heads thrust through, nailed by the ears.
[Hud. part ii c. 3, v. 391.]

An opera, like a pillory may be said
To nail our ears down, and expose our head.
[Young Sat.]

In the *Rape of the Lock*, Pope pays a compliment to the fair, which is equally true and beautiful:

Fair tresses, man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

But the merit of the idea belongs to the quaint old writer, Howard, who says in one of his letters—It is a powerful sex; they were too strong for the first, the strongest and wisest man that was; they must needs be strong, when one hair of a woman can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen.

In the following passage Sir Joshua Reynolds elegantly inculcates a lesson which is of not less importance to the poet than the painter:

"It seems to me that there is but one presiding principle, which regulates and gives stability to every art. The works, whether of poets, painters, moralists, or historians, which are built upon general nature, live forever; while those which depend for their existence on particular customs and habits, a partial view of nature, or the fluctuation of passion, can only be coeval with that which first raised them from obscurity. Present time and future may be considered as rivals, and he who solicits the one, must expect to be discountenanced by the other."

DIVINE RIGHT.

Lord Molesworth, in the Preface of his account of Denmark, relates, that in January 1683, 35 Car. II. there was a call of 16 serjeants at law, who gave rings with this motto, *a Deo rex, a rege Lex.*

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Among the praises bestowed upon Wolsey, let us not forget (says Jortin, referring to Luther's Table-talk) those of a certain Zany, who seems to have played his part very well.

"In England was a Cardinal, the son of a butcher (he means Wolsey) concerning whom a knavish fool said, God be thanked that we have got such a Cardinal, when he cometh to be Pope, we may freely eat flesh in Lent, and on forbidden days; for St. Peter was a fisher-man, and he forbade eating of flesh, to the end he might sell his fish at a high rate; but this butcher's son will hold over flesh, to get money thereby."

Impudence, the *as frontis triplex*, or "matchless intrepidity of face," says Osborn, "is no virtue, yet able to beggar them all, being for the most part in good plight, when the rest starve, and capable of carrying her followers up to the highest preferments: as useful in a court as armour in a camp. Scotchmen have ever-made good the truth of this, who will go further with a shilling, than an Englishman can ordinarily pass for a crown."—*Advice to a son.*

"The word *Trinity* sounds oddly, and is a human invention. It were better to call Almighty God, God, than *Trinity*."
LUTHER.

"I like not this prayer, 'O holy, blessed and glorious Trinity.' It savours of barbarity: The word *Trinity* is barbarous, insipid, profane, a human invention grounded on no testimony of God's word; the Popish God, unknown to the Prophets and Apostles."
CALVIN.

POLAR ICE.

Professor Parrot, in Dorpat, has written on the freezing of the salt water, in respect to the origin of the polar ice. Though navigators say that the polar ice contains no salt, yet the author thinks and proves that mere tasting cannot decide the problem. If the ice in the polar regions contains no salt, it cannot be frozen sea water, but ice of glaciers, which cover the pole of our earth, and to which our European glaciers are more mole hills. The unsalt water flowing from the glaciers is lighter than the sea water, and consequently keeps on the surface, makes the latter less salt, and thus more liable to freeze. Therefore, the ice which covers the polar regions must increase, and continue to increase, every year, in height and extent; for this reason the climate of Iceland and Greenland becomes continually more severe, and those countries lose more and more of the inhabitable surface, &c.

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